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The young merchant had scarcely recovered from the astonishment into which this unexpected address had thrown him, when the lady, as if by magic, resumed her seat.

"Nor is my chin double," lifting her veil some what higher; "nor my lips thick, like those of a Tartar." A smile of full conviction. "Nor are they to be believed, who affirm that my nose is fat, or my cheeks sunken." Obaidollah was about to express his horror at the idea of such a profanation, when the maiden, removing the comely mantle entirely from her face, dashed upon his right in all her beauty, like the planet Zohara from a mist.

The young merchant, as many full-grown merchants might have done, stood in speechless amazement at the sudden view of so much loveliness. Nor was the lady's confusion less obvious; the modest spirit which had prompted her to the enterprise seemed for a moment to desert her, and a color, such as our poets usually themselves in describing comparisons for, diffused itself over her face and bosom, and heightened the beauty which had already seemed undiminished. Thus they both stood silent for some moments. Obaidollah was the first to speak.

"Pardon of excuse," said he, "to what do I owe the pleasure of seeing you here? I have the honor to be told by a friend that you are the daughter of the merchant who has been so kind as to send me a letter of introduction."

"These words of the merchant gave the lady a new courage, and she, having the honor to be told by a friend that you are the daughter of the merchant who has been so kind as to send me a letter of introduction."

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merchant, on perceiving his sarcasms thus triumphantly confuted by one of the very sex against which they were levelled; it was not unkindly, however, with satisfaction at discovering the willing nature of the ground of offence, from which he was led to argue that the offence itself could not be very deeply rooted; a conjecture which was further confirmed, as his eyes reverted to the beautiful countenance which was regarding him with a look of arch triumph. "Fair lady," said he, "if recantation of the false doctrine which has been so distasteful to you be of any avail, I hereby renounce it with all my heart, as you have given me good reason to do; my only hope is, that you have been the instrument of my conversion, you will have pity on the penitent, and contribute your aid to deliver me from the evil which I have justly incurred by my presumption."

"It is well," said the young lady; "I promise only to reverse your inscription, and I engage to extricate you from all your perplexities."

The merchant immediately called to him one of his slaves, and giving him a written tablet and a piece of gold, said he, "to Yacoub El-Nasser the writer, who lives near the Syrian gate, and say that I desire him to trace for me, in his best style, and largest characters, of blue and gold, the inscription herein contained."

Within an hour from the slave's departure, the chamois sentence had disappeared, and the following, brilliantly inscribed and richly ornamented, was occupying its place—

"I, YACOOB EL-NASSER, SLAVE OF THE CURSING OF WOMAN, BEING THAT IT IS UNLAWFUL AND UNPROMISING TO THE HONOR OF THE CURSING OF WOMAN."

On the following morning, as the Caliph and his son-in-law were seated at table in the apartments of the former, their attention was attracted by an unusual noise in the street below. On descending to the hall to investigate the cause of the disturbance, they found that it proceeded from a noisy and tumultuous assemblage which had collected itself before the gates of the Caliph's house, with what intentions it was difficult to ascertain. In one part was a man exhibiting the feats of a dancing bear; in another, a boy leading a monkey by a string; while a third worthy superintended the motions of a host of the wooden puppets. There was a chorus of strict railing and denunciation, and the whole strains; there a party of dancing girls, throwing out their limbs in all conceivable and inconceivable attitudes; beside them, a group of story-tellers, in flowing robes, and with various other gentry of the same kind, all bunched together in one heterogeneous mass, rattling the air with exclamations and recitations at intervals the name of Obaidollah, with the superadded title of cousin.

On the appearance of the young merchant, and his father-in-law at the gate of the hall, the multitude resolved itself into a kind of irregular assembly, and headed by a grizzled person in a black mantle, paraded up the courtyard to the door of the Caliph's house, where they were met by a more numerous and more dignified body, headed by the Caliph himself, and followed by a host of courtiers and slaves.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the Caliph, "and what is the cause of this disturbance?"

"Your son-in-law," said the grizzled person, "has been guilty of a crime which is worthy of the gallows."

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step, weak and desponding, he still wandered further in the maze of the woods. His frame sank exhausted with hunger, fatigue and terror. He commended his soul to the care of heaven, and laid him down to die. He had laid there some hours, when the light of a Janiter shone on his face. It was held by the hand of a peasant who examined his features attentively. He aided him to rise. With his sinewy arm he bore the exhausted form of the priest to a neat farm house, delightfully situated in a fertile plain on the skirts of the woods. The father was nursed with care and restored to life, and warmly thanked his benefactor. On his recovery sufficiently to eat, the table was served for a new guest. A fine capon was dressed, and every luxury the farm afforded, was set before him. A female, neatly attired, with eight little ones, surrounded the table.

"Father," exclaimed the peasant, apart to him after they had finished their repast, "a wife, children, farm, all these blessings I owe to you. You saved my life when I was condemned to die on the scaffold; I have in turn saved yours. I have redeemed my pledge made to you. Wandering a mendicant, chance brought me to this house, where, by industry and honest dealing, I won the confidence of the father of my wife, who, on his death, left us this farm. I have prospered ever since in my affairs. My wife has been a real blessing to me, and my children, with their ruddy faces and sweet smiles, remind me each day, as I return from my daily toil, of what I owe to heaven and you."

The good father whose conscience had often smote him for the fraud he had practiced on the magistrate, and the danger of letting the robber loose to depredate on the public highways, was set at ease. He embraced the peasant, and thanked his God that he had been the means of reclaiming a guilty soul from perdition, and raising a condemned felon to the dignity of an honest man.

"Convenience of a RATTLE-SNAKE. Vivier, the celebrated horn-player, is one of those men of whom anecdotes are told—and eccentric insist upon having his own way being whimsically peculiar. He is just now the rage in England, he made a visit to the Zoological Gardens. The director, to whom he took a note of introduction, accompanied him about the grounds with great civility, and remarking that he took a particular interest in a family of rattle-snakes, offered to present him with one of the most lively. The next morning, accordingly, arrived in a box at Vivier's lodgings, containing the admired descendant of the tempter of Eve, and upon the cover was duly pasted the necessary directions for feeding, precautions against irritating, and a notice in Italian that the least bite of the reptile would be instantaneous death.

This delicate souvenir from the amiable director was politely received and set no value, of course; but Vivier promised himself the most expeditious possible pleasure of dropping his new token of friendship into the Thames, or of presenting him to any lover of such playthings whom he should first encounter. It was not convenient for a day or two, however, and, meantime, he began to change his mind as to the desirableness of his new toy. One gets accustomed to co-occupants of four walls, even if they be rattle-snakes. Observing the terror with which he affected visitors, the horn-player saw his value as a repellent, and as the grateful snake was of course innocuous to his feeder, he found he could safely give him the freedom of the room when he wished to disengage himself of a bore.

Those who travel often, as Vivier professionally does, between England and France, know the annoyance of having baggage impudently overhauled and examined by custom-house officers. Vivier's first question, as the officer approached, is—

"Do rattle-snakes pay a duty, when imported?"

"No—but why?"

"Because I have one among my baggage."

"You joke!"

"Very well! Remember I have cautioned you, and I tell you, moreover, that the least touch of his sting is instant death. Here are my keys."

The officer suddenly absconded, of course, and Vivier gives his baggage, untroubled, to the porter.—Translated for the Home Journal.

"WHAT YOU TALK?" The following though not new, should not be lost, particularly at this time, when everything tending to the "development" of people of color, is so much in vogue.

"Two interesting negro lads were standing in the streets of Charleston, gazing into the market, which everybody knows is proverbial for its supply of all manner of luxuries."

"Jim," said one, "you see you have your choice now of all the good things in that market—what you take, nigger?"

"What I take? why I'd take all de possum fat and all de honey—of course I would—now what you take?"

"Ham! how you expect me to choose, when you's took every ting as nice? Come along nigger."

The most tender-hearted man we ever saw was a shoemaker, who always that his eyes and whiskers when he ran his awl into a shoe.

WOMAN'S WIT.

OR, THE YOUNG MERCHANT OF BAHADRA.

OF THE GREAT CALIPH ALMAMOUN.

In the reign of the great Caliph Almamoun, there lived at Baghdad a young man named Obaidollah, whose father, a noble knight, and a celebrated soldier, had been slain in the prime of life, and left him a youth of nineteen, in possession of a large estate and flourishing trade.

Obaidollah possessed a lovely and accomplished daughter, named Zohara, who was the pride of his life, and the joy of his heart. He had been married to her for many years, and she was the mother of a large family of children.

Obaidollah was a man of great wealth and power, and he was the most respected and beloved of his subjects. He was a just and merciful ruler, and he was the most generous of fathers.

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